

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Old Sandy Helps Cause

By OSBORN JONES.
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It was not until Randolph Yardley had definitely made up his mind to propose to Henriette that he secretly entertained the wish that Henriette was the kind of suffragist that felt it to be woman's privilege to do the proposing as well as the voting. Henriette was a suffragist, of course, but she wasn't that particular kind of suffragist. Randolph had heard her say so. After she had managed to bring the conversation up to the delicate question of proposing Randolph might easily have done the rest. But Randolph didn't realize how easy this would have been till he was alone the evening after the discussion.

The Saturday afternoon after he had definitely decided to propose he unfortunately did not find Henriette alone. His rival in her attention was the old man-of-all-work, Saunders, known more familiarly as Sandy—though any reference to that name might once have borne to his hair and complexion had ceased to be apparent for Sandy was toothless and his sparse hair was white—surely not a very formidable rival. But any third person is a rival when a man wants to propose, and when Randolph entered her bungalow living room Henriette was kneeling on the floor before a packing case with Sandy at the opposite end.

"So sorry, Randolph," she said with a smile so preoccupied that it was worse than no smile at all; "you'll just have to excuse me while I go on with his case. They're things for the suffrage bazaar. It's to be in a week and I've had to take the chairmanship the last time."

During all the call that afternoon Randolph never once found a turn in the road from which he might have directed his own remarks toward a proposal. The case was soon packed and Sandy shuffled away with it, but Henriette's thoughts were still engrossed by the bazaar. And imagine suddenly skipping from remarks on the fish pond at a suffrage bazaar on fancy tables and lemonade booths to proposals!

Perhaps it was not to be wondered, then, that when Henriette suddenly asked Randolph to promise to "do a certain favor" and to promise before she had told him what it was, he held up his large masculine hand and swore rather foolishly to "do anything in God's world that she wanted him to."

What she wanted him to do was to get Mr. Tilden to let the suffragists borrow what was known as the "Tilden mansion," then unoccupied, for their bazaar.

"I'll do what I can, Henriette," Randolph said solemnly, "but it may be very embarrassing for me and for him. You see, he is a client of mine."

But Randolph had not been practicing law so long that he did not use this phrasing with some degree of self-satisfaction—"and there is a law suit now going on over that house. You see, a year ago, after the Tildens had been out of the house for a year, it was leased by Mr. Hamberger, the brewer. Loads of mon-

THIS FALL FASHION LETS THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL HAVE HER OWN WAY



By BETTY BROWN.
NEW YORK—Rather fussy clothes are dear to the heart of a certain type of high school girl. This year fashion humors her by sketching a dress with an overskirt, and a sash, and huge

ey, you know, and could perfectly well have paid the rent even though he did decide not to live in the house. Now Tilden is suing Hamberger for the rent, and Hamberger makes the claim that the house could never be heated. We tried to settle it out of court, but we couldn't. You wouldn't understand the technicalities, so I shan't bore you with them. But the case is coming up and I'm particularly anxious not to lose out."

Randolph lowered his voice and discussed the case in a way that was not entirely professional. "The fact seems to be that the heating system of the house was all wrong, and you see how it would injure me and Tilden if some 500 or 600 of the most prominent women in town were to go there on a nice cold day, as it is quite likely to be in a week's time, and find out what a barn like place it is. So, you see, you will be working against my interests if you urge it. Still, I have promised."

"But suppose all those 500 hundred people went there and roasted almost to death? Suppose the temperature there went up to 80 or 90 and all the windows had to be opened—would that help your case?"

Randolph eyes showed keen interest

pockets as well. She can do her hair in a bun at the back of her head, if she likes, but the French heels which she loves are not always obtainable when a sensible mother is the censor.

and for one fleeting moment he forgot that his sole interest in life for the time being was to propose to Henriette. "Why, certainly, that would win the case for me. But—"

"I don't suppose you have taken a good look at the furnace, or that Mr. Tilden has, either," Henriette scolded. "I can say that we have, little girl." Randolph had never used those words before in addressing Henriette, or any not altogether easy. "You see, we lawyers don't go about things in just that way."

Henriette snorted an expostulation that indicated contempt for lawyers in general, and Randolph's mind went back to the main consideration. "If you're not busy tonight, let's go investigate that Tilden mansion. If you start right away you can get the keys from Mr. Tilden and be back by 7."

Randolph had risen from his chair, almost eager to be gone, since it was the prerequisite of a solitary ramble through the old house with Henriette. Surely if he could not manage a proposal under such favorable circumstances he never would be able to do so.

He was just at the door, willing, with the bright prospects for the evening vividly before him, to depart with scarcely a word of farewell.

"I'll get Sandy to go along with us," came Henriette's cheerful contralto. "He knows more about furnaces and things than any man we ever had—and you might buy some candles on your way, for the light will be all turned off, I suppose."

Randolph's roseate dreams had faded away. Even an empty house didn't offer favorable background if the ubiquitous Sandy were to be the third party still.

The trip was taken to the Tilden mansion that night in Henriette's little roadster, with Henriette at the wheel, Randolph at her side and the weazeney Sandy sitting at Randolph's feet with his own rough-shod feet protruding to the running board, and in the same guise they returned. The hour spent at the mansion was one in which Sandy was master of ceremonies and Randolph found himself chiefly useful in holding lighted candles for the old man or hoisting his light but agile body to peer at pipes and drafts in the rusty, dust-covered heating system that rambled over a good share of the cellar of the old house.

The pipes that conveyed the hot air from the furnace to the upper regions of the house were rusty, but not so much that drafts in the three main channels for the hot air could not be opened when Sandy applied the sturdy muscles of his thumb and forefinger to that task.

"Now she'll work," Sandy had remarked by way of announcing his triumph. "If you'll order a couple of tons of chestnut coal and a bit of kindling I think I can have enough heat in the

Save Late Beets By Storage

Select a well-drained location, make a shallow excavation about 6 inches deep, line it with straw, hay, leaves, or similar material, and place the beets in a conical pile on the lining. Make the bottom of the pile about the same size as, but not larger than, the bottom of the excavation.

Cover the beets with the same material as that used for lining the bottom of the pit and carry it up several inches above the apex of the pile of vegetables, having it extend through the dirt covering. This serves as a ventilating flue, and it should be covered with a piece of tin, or a short board as a protection from rain.

The dirt covering should be 2 or 3 inches thick when the vegetables are stored, and it should be increased as severely cold weather approaches until it is a foot or more in thickness, or sufficient to protect from freezing. In finishing the pit, the dirt should be firmed with the back of the shovel in order to make it as nearly waterproof as possible.

The shallow trench around the base of the pit should have an outlet for carrying off the water. Supplement the dirt covering with manure, straw, corn fodder, or other protective material. Use several small pits instead of one large one, as vegetables keep better in small pits, and the entire contents may be removed when the pit is opened.

Write for Farmers' Bulletins 847 and 879, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. These give full information free of charge.

Cut this out NOW and save it. Watch for tomorrow's directions.

old place to make your ice cream sell like hot cakes in February."

The day came and the ice cream did sell like hot cakes, and even after the lemonade had been so diluted that it was almost innocent of any intimacy with the citrus fruit for which it was named, it sold in such abundance that the proceeds of that table were five times what one would have expected from lemonade. Windows were opened and those who came to buy made fans of sheets of paper they could find. It was a sharp, cold day for autumn and so there was no very great irritation in the voices of complaint that were raised against the excessive heat. At any rate everyone who attended the bazaar was strongly impressed with the fact that the Tilden house was endowed with a phenomenal heating apparatus, and scarce a person in town failed to hear something about the excessive heat that had prevailed in the old mansion during the two days and two nights of the suffrage bazaar.

A few days after the bazaar Henriette Beauchamp announced her engagement to Randolph Yardley, and those who knew her only for the reputation she bore as an up-and-coming young suffragist explained the fact that the engagement occurred just when it did in this wise:

Henriette had set her cap for Randolph; yes, that is just what they said, and no doubt Randolph had taken a fancy to Henriette, but Randolph was not the kind of young man who would ask a girl to marry him unless he had some idea of how he was going to support her. Henriette knew this, and, if the truth must be told, Henriette had the making of the better lawyer of the two. She knew that Mr. Tilden had put a little work in the young lawyer's way and she knew about that case against the brewer, Barberger. So she worked out the whole scheme, planned the suffrage bazaar and everything and got that man Sandy to make the job, that would prove the house could be heated. And, of course, Barberger's lawyer saw there was no use continu-

PEANUT AND SOY-BEAN BREAD

The peanut and the soy bean, often sold in the markets under the name "Togo bean," make palatable and substantial ingredients for bread.

In using peanuts—either raw or roasted—crush them with a rolling pin and mix with wheat flour, in proportions of one to three of wheat.

When using soy beans the beans may be ground coarsely in a little hand grist mill and mixed with the wheat flour in the same ratio.

Directions given for the whole wheat bread in recipe above may be followed for both the peanut and soy bean bread.

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The weird but sweet toned stringed instrument that has made the tuneful melodies of Hawaii famous the world over. Lessons 50c each.

IRENE DAVIS
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A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

Many More in West Virginia are Willing to Testify.

Many people are glad to testify to the good results obtained from Anuric, the discovery of Dr. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for kidney and bladder disorders, backache, rheumatism and all uric acid troubles. Anuric is many times more potent than lithia.

Mrs. Josephine Corder Rymer, of Volga, W. Va., says: "Golden Medical Discovery proved so helpful and beneficial in my past state of ill health that recently I was glad to try

limbs. I began taking the Anuric Tablets according to directions. I took the contents of the package and I can say, and speak in the bounds of truth, that I have not had rheumatism since. I have no indigestion and am not constipated. The relief given me by Anuric could not be more satisfactory."

When the uric acid affects the tissues, muscles and joints, it causes lumbago, rheumatism, gout or sciatica. This is the time to try Anuric. Write Dr. Pierce, send 10c for a large trial package of the tablets—this will prove to you that Anuric is many times more potent than lithia and eliminates the uric acid from the system as hot water melts sugar, or, ask your druggist now for a fifty-cent bottle of Anuric (double strength).

Mr. Joseph E. Moore, of 2220 Alcy E. Wheeling, W. Va., says: "For the last seven years I have been having bladder trouble in the worst form. At these times excretions would pass too freely—could not control it—and then I would have what the doctors called spasms at neck of the bladder and it would shut off so that just a few drops came at a time and caused great distress. The water would become dark and ropy with thick sediment. Nothing I took seemed to give me any relief. Just recently I learned of Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets and they have given me more real relief than anything I have ever tried. Water has cleared up and is now its natural color, I have better control, and my bladder is much stronger. Anyone suffering as I did will find Anuric good and should give it a fair and impartial trial."



MRS. JOSEPHINE CORDER RYMER
Anuric, the new discovery of Dr. Pierce. When I received the sample package of Anuric Tablets I was in a delicate condition and suffered from many discomforts. I ached all over, was constipated, had indigestion, was extremely nervous; another discomfort was shifting rheumatism, something I had had for years. At that time it was in my hips and lower

:- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"I could visualize myself Margie, as that poor little girl," said Paula as she told me about the play.

"That prologue, Margie, would immediately evoke the sympathy of the audience for the heroine and it would also make friends for the hero. You see, Margie, a playwright as well as a newspaper writer has to make his first paragraph a flip to interest in what is to come."

"The first act of the play 'The Story of Hanna Frankle' was exactly what one would expect from the prologue. In this I confess a little disappointment as the element of surprise is one of the great factors of the drama."

"The scene of the first act was laid five years after the prologue and took place in Hanna Frankle's apartment on Riverside Drive. It is easy to see that the inevitable has occurred. Hanna comes into the music room beautifully but simply gowned and starts to practice. Even Treadway enters and they have a talk. Hanna says she has been offered a splendid professional engagement as a pianist in England."

"She says she does not know. Then she tells him he ought to know by this time her life is dedicated to him alone and it is for him to decide."

"Every tone of her voice shows to her Treadway is all in all. 'I have only made myself what I am for you, dear,' she says."

"And did you never think, dear, that I made you what you are for myself, he answers with great feeling."

"Hanna, you are a wonderful woman, dear. You are one of the greatest musicians I have ever heard. You have mastered the technique of the piano and added to it that something which speaks to the least imaginative of a poetic and sympathetic soul. You are not only very beautiful but you have grown to be a splendid woman."

"I have been very selfish with you, dear heart, but I never realized the little half starved girl I picked up that day in the store would develop into the wonderful woman which you have come to be. Truly dear, I only intended to set you on your feet again. But you blossomed so quickly that manlike I could not resist taking you for my own. I did not think of you, Hanna, only of myself."

"And don't you know, Evan, I was glad to be taken? Do you think I could have made myself what I am had it not been for your love and encouragement? I wanted to belong to you and I am proud that your friends know I belong to you. All these years of striving have been to me only constant effort improvement that I might not shame you before any friend to whom you introduced me."

"I am sure you might have married."

Hanna. I know many of my friends would have been glad to have taken you from me and I presume many of them have offered you marriage."

"And when they did, Evan, dear," interrupted Hanna leaving the piano and going over to him and putting her hands on his shoulders, "do you not suppose I was proud to think I could give you something for which your friends were glad to give up all conventional ideas of marriage? That they were willing to make me the mother of their children dig but make me the happier in knowing I was perhaps worthy of all you had done for me?"

"But Hanna, I do not feel I am worthy of such love, dear."

"Do you remember, Evan, that passage from Eloise to Abelard in which he says:

How oft when pressed by marriage have I said

Curse on all laws but those which love has made!

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,

Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.

Let wealth, let honor await the wedded dame,

August her deed, and sacred be her flame;

Before true passion all these views remove

Fame, wealth, honor! what are you to love?"

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(OLIVIA IS GOING TO MAKE VENUS LOOK LIKE A PIKER)—BY ALLMAN

